

1

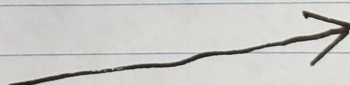
'A BUSE'

I have a long dark secret, something I've had hidden for years. But now I have to bring it out. It's a story of abuse that has to be told. I never in my worse Nightmare did I ^{think} would be subjected to Babysitting. Some of ^{my} big Family came over + one of them said! Could you keep + Eye on '-----' for awhile, were all going shopping? I thought it over, And it sounds 'O.K.' I would let me Bond with this little Kid. One of them said keep + Eye on him, he might get a little 'Damp'. I wasn't sure but I thought maybe he 'sweats' a lot. After awhile, after they left he was all over the Floor. I was watching Sat. Night Fights on TV. The Kid was all over the Floor. He didn't crawl like other kids. He would Scoot around on his Hands + Toes. I said 'Kid' you look like a 'Scooter' or something. He Garbled something like 'Mo Hay Gobble', I didn't know what he was talking about. Soon he came back into the Living Room. I wasn't sure but I seemed to Detect this strange Odor I wasn't familiar with coming from this little Demon. I never in my life had a situation like this. The Girl said he might get a little Damp but this didn't seem Normal. I had never had

a job like this before. Marge loved doing it years ago. It was always too busy working or watching TV. 'So What To Do' I figured it out, I would take him out in the Alley, cut this thing off he was wearing + hose him off. But the best laid plans never go right. I found an old pair of Work Gloves, And I picked him up under his arms + started through the Kitchen. But he was leaking bad. This strange stuff was running down his legs + dripping on the floor. I had to stop + I laid him on the Kitchen Table + cut this thing off he was wearing with a Steak Knife. The girl had a spare one in the Living Room in a Walmart bag or something. He thought I was playing + he was laughing + having fun. He 'promised' + 'promised' me he wouldn't move until I got back with a new Rag Rag. You guessed it! when I got back he was rolling all over the Table with the Salt + Pepper Shakers in his hands. I was at my wits end so I put him in the Kitchen Sink + used the little shower thing. I was in his ears his eyes + on the floor. But worst of all 'On me'. I got him fairly clean + I brought him back into the living room. I rolled him around on the floor + with

a whole Roll of Paper towels. I got him dried up pretty good. I put the new Rag on him. Marge used to use Safety Pins on them, but I couldn't find any. But this new Rag had little sticky things & it seemed to ~~wash~~^{work} on. The little Demon was having a great time & thought it was funny. He held his little arms up & wanted to Hug me. 'I said forget it' He scooted off into the Dining room & he repeated. 'Mo Hay Bobble'. At the beginning I told you about 'Albus' Now you know who was 'Alused' I'll never disclose the name of the Abuser, But he became one of my all time life long Friends. Later in life I found out 'Mo Hay Bobble' meant 'Motor Cycle'

Jim Sr.
In my 82 years I only changed one of these 'Rags'. People call them 'Diapers' So Diaper Boy must feel pretty Special
Jim Sr.

Over 

ABUSED

